

Give The Dog A Daffodil.

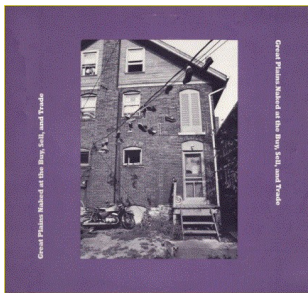
Chapter -13-

There I was back on first ave in my old bedroom. It felt ironic to be back at the beginning. It is where I studied the 60s' icon guitarists as a teenager. And so my search for philosophical meaning had began. It let me first to a Televangelist who had a mega-church World Harvest Church which is an international Pentecostal megachurch led by **Reverend Rod Parsley**. Originally founded in Columbus, Ohio, it now has campuses in Canal Winchester, on the far east side of Columbus. One Friday night the preacher had convinced me to put my last \$100 dollars in his collection plate. But suddenly a small still voice in side me say "*don't*"! Instantly I became aware of the UN-ethical side of god's creation. I had heard of nepotism among the staff concerning the collection plate situation. Later on I heard Jesus never owned a church at all. But this Televangelist "did"! And they had the lawyers to back it up! So I quietly move on about the business of getting a gig as a "Offset Press Operator" at the OSU Law School. By that time writers like **Alan Ginsburg, Hunter S. Thompson, William S. Burroughs, Charles Bukowski, Jack Kerouac** and **Woody Guthrie** were percolating inside my muse. I was a new kid on a very old block. But the Tet Offense news letter kept me up to speed with all its' vinyl snobbery. From my Nashville adventure I was locked into a "music observer mode". Campus had changed. Some of the musicians had split to San Francisco; others, to New York City. Me, I headed to Nashville.

The first thing I noticed was that other promoters besides the Tet Offense were putting on shows. And they were putting on great shows too! Curt Schieber and Mark Moorman created the Booking Agency "**NO OTHER**". They also owned "**Use Kids Records**" which focused on "import vinyl". No Other brought in bands they thought who were making important music. They booked bands like **Loudon Wainwright, Dream Syndicate, Violent Femmes, Chris Stamey** and many others. The old guard of **Joy Division, Television** and **Pere Ubu** were fading fast into history. Now, the New Guard of **Xmal Deutschland, Dead Can Dance, Cocteau Twins** and **Salem 66** were waxing strong. And the Ohio State based **Human Sufferage, Agnostic Front, Painful Discharge** and **Near Paris**, with there stirring undercurrents of innovation, broke opportunities wide open for bands like **Great Plains** and **the Screaming Urge**. Columbus had morphed in a pleasing way musically.

I found myself once again in the changing of the tides of culture. Jim Shepard informed me of Kurt Tuckerman's "**Studio 900**" which had recorded a string of OSU bands. That is when I realized my choice to leave Nashville was correct. A few days after my return I discovered Roxanne was pregnant with her 2nd child. They were still living at 1234 Forsythe Ave. Jim and Roxanne seemed very happy at that point. So the three of us started to record. There was talk of forming a band but Roxanne wasn't ready yet. The baby took up all their time. So we settled on recording. Our song "**Big Star**" was a parody of my Nashville adventure. In the end the hero fails to secure his dream of stardom. Roxanne always had a way of sizing things up quickly. I also began to record out in

Harrisburg with Mike Rep, Tommy Jay, T.A. Lafferty, Jerry Felty, Ted/ Carla Lust and Johnny Furnace. After a month or so I moved to 30 West Duncan Ave and set up shop.



At the law school I had met Carol who had spent time in mental treatment. She remind me of my mother so I took to her right away. We started dating and hanging out. But she wasn't into the vinyl head stuff. She had no clue about all the new groups I was into. Actually, she had terrible tastes in music. But she was hot in a "Miami Vice" way; blond hair and a body built for sin. It was around this time that Tommy Jay, T.A. Lafferty and I recorded **"Consolation Prize"**. Shortly after that Mike Rep, Tommy Jay and I recorded **"Heavy Metal Has Destroyed My Mind."** That song became a stander for Mike Rep and the Quotas years later. As fate would have it, one day I ran into Rudy Crash N' Burn at Chuck's record store. He was living in the Stew-Bum double a few blocks away from the Dyke House. Rudy and Chris the Anarchistic lived on one side of the **"Fort"** and Ron and Max Flash had the other side of the house. The Stew Bums side of the house is pictured on **Great Plains Naked at the Buy, Sell and Trade** LP. That record was co-produced by Mike Rep and Don Howland. It was here that I met Hippy Dave and Kevyn Kasualty. Some of the keg parties they threw were legendary. At the time the house was right in the middle of a all black neighborhood of Columbus. But they could party till 6 am and nobody cared. The black community was cool and kept their distance. They didn't know what to make of all those crazy white boy doing art all the time. So I joined the **Kevyn and the Kasualties** and began to study the music. It was Loud, Fast and Obnoxious music with spit flying everywhere. Most of the shows where at **Apollo's, Bernie's Bagel** or **Staches**. However we did a few shows around the state. Kent State and Miami University where a few of the major gigs we did.



Side-1- SELLOUT
 Livin With Misfortune Squidfish
 Hecula Squidfish
 The Reason Squidfish
 Disconnect Squidfish
 Love hides in Squidfish
 The Shadows Squidfish
 Freedom never comes Squidfish
 easy Squidfish
 Side-2-
 She's on Fire Squidfish
 Pay the Piper Squidfish
 Ballad of Mike Rep Squidfish
 The Road Squidfish
 I want a Pig Squidfish
 Is mankind incapable of Governing? Squidfish
 RECORDED 9-1-85 THRU 9-30-85, in
 celumbus, ohio using a TEAC 144
 all instruments by nudge squidfish.
 © SQUID SOMES 1985 ASCAP
 NOTICE AND DISCONNECT @ TROM PRESS
 NUDGE SQUIDFISH PAN CLUB P.O. BOX
 644 WESTERVILLE, OHIO 43081

Around late **September of 1985** I was contacted by The Franklin County Department of Purchasing. Dorthy S. Teater who was a county commissioner at the time wanted me to set up a print shop. I had work with her back during City of Columbus days. But it took until November of 1985 to get hired. I kept all this on the down low from the OSU Law School. Part of the reason for jumping ship was money, the other was I would be my own boss at the county. Working with my girlfriend Carol at the law school created staff gossip. And there was something "dark" about her past that she didn't want to share with me. At the time I didn't pay it much mind. I just thought it would be better if we didn't work together at the Law

School. The thing about her was she didn't say much. It was rare for her to speak at all. It was hard for me to know what she was thinking. Also I released my 1st



cassette entitled "**Sell Out**" that September. It was a follow up to my Nashville, In Nashville LP and no one took notice of it except Jim and Roxanne. I think it had a few good "pop songs" but at the time it was totally overlooked. On the plus side my **Nashville, In Nashville** LP got a small mention in the Tet News letter. That happened just a few weeks after I returned to Columbus. I was surprised the LP got reviewed after so many rejections by other fanzines.

Then lighting struck the "Fort". Chris the Anarchistic had been selling weed out of the the Stew-Bums side of the "Fort". There had never been any problems until one day a gun man broke in and held Rudy and Chris the Anarchistic at gun point and stole the pot. It is my belief that a shot was fired and soon after this incident we moved to the "Kasualties House" up the street. That is where Kevyn, Bryon Weaver and Lynn Whitacre had rented a house. And, this is where I met Wild Bill Evans who eventually moved in with them. Around this time Kevyn had booked a punk show at a bar in Kent State. It was a wild night; and on the drive back home, in back cabin where the equipment was stored, Kevyn and some girl named Elizabeth were in the deep throws of passion. All we heard was their moaning which we tried to drown out by turning the radio up and smoking weed. Later on they broke up because Kevyn had no respect for her personal property. One day she just got fed up and fired him. But Kevyn had already moved on. He had been trying to hook up with his room mate Lynn Cart and I think it may have taken him a few years before that happen. For a while they just eye balled each from a distance. In the mean time I focused on my songwriting and building up my home studio at 30 West Duncan Ave which was right behind Marcy May's **Ace Of Cups** bar. One of the tips Jim gave about doing solo preforming can be found in his published Tet News letter statement.



Third and final leg of the Amen Corner comes with Nudge Squidfish's 11-song Nashville. In Nashville LP. Sure, the guy moved to, you guessed it, Nashville, but this still counts as local cause he lived in Columbus when he probably first learned how to drive, how to drink, got the right to vote, and went out with girls. This is ONE blessed-out effort, gang, and I mean that complimentary (complimentarily?). I thought of The Beach Boys, The Beatles, and a couple other cult favorites when suddenly I realised, "Hey, WAIT, this is (virtually) just one guy, though, and a guy named Nudge Squidfish at that! How is it possible?" But it is, the proof is here, there, and everywhere, and what a year 1985 is proving to be for the various True Believer alumni. Mike Rep plays as part of Great Plains on their cassette. Nudge does this, and shoot, the General and Tommy Jay probably joined Sawyer Brown and no one's told me yet. Write to Alfred J. Martin at 3521 Central Ave., Nashville, TN 37205 and find out how much he wants for a copy of this.

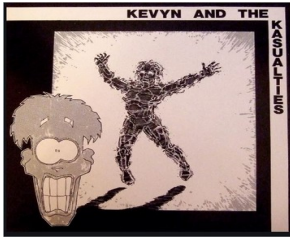
"Performing solo to me in essence is a crucial test of material and performance where the song done solo can only hold up for themselves...success or bomb..."

That has always stuck in my brain and it took a long time for me to master that aspect of my craft. It did not come easy for me like it did for Jim.

Rudy and I had been playing Kasualties shows almost once a week by the beginning of October of 1985. This is right after my **2000 AD** cassette was released. That lasted until we left the band to form V3 in 1986. In November of 1985 two new up and coming bands burst onto the scene. **Scrawl** and **The Gibson Brothers** began to have a impact on the Cow-town culture. Scrawl was an all female group headed by **Marcy May**. When I first saw them I was blown away. That began a life long crush that was impossible to fulfill. Simply put; Marcy was out of my league. Another band that was formed from the ashes of **Gerald F. Nelson's Post Industrial Noise** was **Near Paris**. It featured Gerald on synths and **Dana Riashi (Blunt Stitches)** on vocals. Years later before Gerald's death in October of 2012 Ted Lust, Tommy Jay and I recorded a song called "**City Of Sorrow**". Ted had written it after visiting New York City and seeing the street where John Lennon was killed. Gerald did the synth on that song out at Tommy Jay's Barn. It has since become a main stay in Ted's stage act. Even though Jim, Roxanne and I were recording a lot of table top 4 track sessions during this time, we did do some one off shows with them. Kevyn didn't seem to mind. He had a side project too called the **Super Paisties**. Jim and Roxanne felt we were the right persons for their next band project. Then on September 20th 1985 the **Cocteau Twins** along with **Dark Arts** and **The House Hearts** played the Newport Music Hall. I was there with about a 1000 others fans and marveled at their stage craft and music. Also on October 22rd 1985 **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds** played the Newport. If the Cocteau's where the light then the Bad Seeds where the dark. There were so many great shows happening during this cycle that I was hard pressed to keep up. Often I would have to drag my ass into work really hung over after one of these shows. This is about the time I went to work for The Franklin County Department of Purchasing down town.

Carol wanted me to meet with her therapist so I agreed. Big mistake. During our session I found out two things. First, her sister had a radio talk show at OSU and second, she had an affair while in treatment with a violent patient name Juan. Juan was a psycho. They had met in therapy and had an affair. But then things got "toxic" and she tried to get away from him. But he was prepared to use violence and intimidation to hold on to her. Suddenly, when ever she spent the night I'd find my car tires flat. It lasted for about 4 weeks. Juan was sending me a message, "*she is my girl stay away*"! We talk and she confined her fear about his violent behavior. The cat was out of the bag! She didn't want the police involve. She wanted to be with me and was conflicted and afraid of what he might do. Then one morning I left her apartment for work. When I got to my job she called me in tears. Someone had burned the whole complex down where she lived at 125 Dodridge Ave. She was in bad shaped. The night before Juan had tried to beat down the front door in the middle of the night. She knew it was Juan and refused to answer the door. So we just stay in bed and he gave up and went away. After I got home from work Carol showed up and ended our relationship. She may have acted on advice of her shrink. I don't know. But it took me about 6

months to get over her. I tried to send flowers and made phone calls but got no response. So after a while I gave up. Maybe that's the reason I still alive? Who knows? I only saw her once again in the hallway of the OSU law School when I was taking a geology class. She wanted nothing to do with me. So, I marked it down to bad luck and moved on with my life.



I had made up my mind that I would start out fresh of 1986. By that time Mark Eitzel had a new band called **The America Music Club** named after a famous venue in San Francisco. Also I was getting into "**The Pink Opaque**" LP by Cocteau Twins and **Clan Of Xymox** LP by Xymox. In terms of my own songwriting I began to focus on originality, sincerity and feeling. While originality was beyond my grasp sincerity and feeling were not. I think these 3 ingredients are the timeless qualities that when into the making of hit records of my youth. So I set my sights on mastering them. I couldn't afford to make records anymore so I switched to cassette. But the *do-it-yourself* ascetic had been under attack from the likes of Tipper Gore (Moral Cop). The record industry was not very sure of themselves. But bands like **NWA** and **Zappa** told the politicians to fuck off! But I was Freed from all market consideration. So I pushed the non-profit notion forward. Mike Rep had established my public identity and continuity on my 1st 45 (**Marriage Vows**) in 1981. Rep has always managed my image by putting together projects that the vinyl heads would "buy". I've always given him a free hand to doing what his taste dictate. After all he was schooled in vinyl retail. I was not. But by January 1986 I wanted to explore some different musical notions concerning my fucked up notions of religion. This hurt the branding Mike Rep so carefully constructed. To be honest religion made an total asshole of me. On the plus side it pushed me into the arms of the Theosophical Society.

By this time Rudy and I were working part time with **V3**. On the other hand Kevyn had hired **Gary Reeves** of **Doubting Thomas** to record the Kasualties first LP called "**Punk Or Pop?**". Gary's studio was in the attic. So you had to climb a 12 foot ladder then pass through a 4 by 4 foot hole into the ceiling to enter. How he ever got all that equipment into the attic is beyond me. It was a job getting Rudy's bass drum up there. But by the end of January 1986 the record was released. The band had use it's gig money to pay for the project. We had recorded about 50 songs for the project but only 10 or 12 were selected for the record. Last I heard Gary Reeves was still in possession of the reel to reel 8 track masters. I am not sure if mix downs were made for all of the songs. Kevyn and Gary were in charge and Rudy and I did not have too much input. But Kevyn seemed happy with the results.



By **January of 1986** I had completed my home studio set up at 30 West Duncan. Jim and Roxanne started to apply pressure on Rudy and I to leave Kevin and the Kasualties and join V3 full time. But it wasn't until May of 1986, due to their new baby,



that Jim and Roxanne where ready to go full steam. In the mean time I had contacted **Pennie Stasik** and **Mark Edwards**. They had a college radio station service that would mail copies of your new releases to about 40 radio stations in the USA and Canada. In the mean time, I had just finish my "**Carolyn**" cassette and Pollution Control was a perfect fit for my marketing budget. So I work out a deal with **Pollution Control** where they would handle my Carolyn project. At the time Mark Edwards had a band called "**My Dad Is Dead**" up in Cleveland which had gained some LP notoriety. Jim Shepard had been very busy too. The old sod had been hanging out at the campus record stores like Schoolkids, Magnolia Thunderpussy, Mole's and Singing Dog. At that time he was investigating the works of **Kim Fowly (The Runaways)**, **Robert Wyatt (Soft Machine)**, **Van Morrison (Them)** and **Alex Chiton (Box Tops)**. And Mike Rep was busy setting up his **No Age/Old Age** label. In the Tet News letter of February 28th 1986 my "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" was mentioned. A few months after Rep changed it to "**20,000 Leagues Under Nashville**". It was gleaned from a collection of letters tapes I had sent Tommy Jay from Nashville. Some of the voice recordings were due to a visitation dispute with my x-wife. "**20,000 Leagues Under Nashville**" fit right in to Mike Rep's branding of the wily Squid. I was the "voodoo whodoo" man of Nashville and Rep hustled the public image. For the longest while a smiling Repski would give me 20 bucks every time I saw him. That lasted until the end of the 1980s. He really surprised me! Repski could sell whisker's to a cat! "Lovingly Fucked With" was total bullshit to me. But Dam! It was sold out beer! Always a "good omen" for working musician types. Rep would go on to pack the halls of culture. He had sold the "cowtowners" on his "Lo Fi" nonsense. But in the end he was right. It did have that old time feel. Rep was always at home around a campfire. Those scratchy old time 78 RPM records sounded so tin-ish but real. Rep milked his Lo Fi notion down to its' last drop. The following is by the TET News Letter. I feel it reflex's the year 1986 very well:

Details

If you can't make it to Magnolia's, you can listen live from anywhere on Radio 614 at <http://radio614.org> or the TuneIn app!

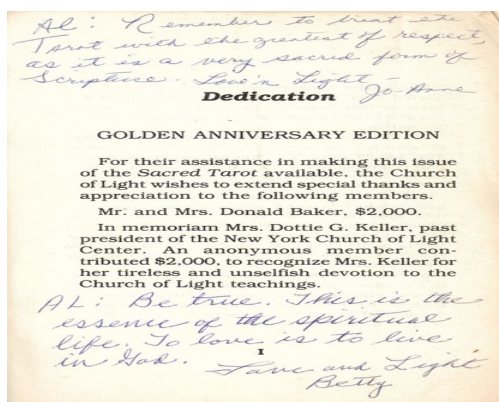
The Offense (which preceded The Offense Newsletter) was an alternative music fanzine published by Tim Anstaett that appeared between April '80 and March '82. Most of its fifteen issues identified themselves as books, and so a soon-to-be-published, two-volume collection of all of their 888 pages will quite logically be titled The Offense Book of Books! A series of readings will be held to mark the occasion of the zine's re-emergence, the first of which will be this one, which will also serve as the official release party for the volumes. Past contributors to The Offense will be reading some of their own published submissions, Charles Wince will be projecting his and others' Offense artwork onto the silver screen, and Shirley Tobias will be DJ-ing the proceedings with wonderful music that was released during the Book years.

Tim still has 150 original, mint-condition back issues of The Offense, none of which will be sold at this event but all of which will be given away as freebies to the first 150 purchasers of the complete, two-volume Offense Book of Books set. Magnolia Thunderpussy Records has been chosen to host this first event for the Book of Books because during the first summer of The Offense's existence, back when the shop was located at 1585 N. High Street, it served not only as Tim's place of employment but also as one of The Offense's places of business, as it was where the zine's mail arrived and many of its writers personally dropped off their latest pieces. Yes, Magnolias was at 1585, Crazy Mama's was at 1536, Singin' Dog Records was at 1630, the IP Lounge was at 1590, it was quite the cozy little neighborhood that we had -- a neighborhood that now may be long gone, but will always be alive and well within the pages of The Offense, along with all of the other places and people that we knew and enjoyed.

As **March of 1986** roll around I found myself going to the Holiday Inn on town street to attend the psychic fairs. It was run by **Betty Rider** a licensed State of Ohio **Spiritualist Minster**. But what I didn't know at the time was that she had study with a famous Philippine Psychic Surgeon. She had spend quite a few seasons up in the Philippines Mountains in a small mud hunt learning from a real Master of Medicine. He lived as an native in the mountain wild. There was no water, phone or electric way up on the mountain side. His name was **Max Pe-doe-deus** (*Spelling?*) and people would travel from all over the world to be healed by him. I can't be sure but I think he specialize in terminal cancer cases. Betty once showed me a VHS tape of Max mediating. Max personally told me that all the secrets of psychic surgery were hidden in certain passages of the Bible. The bible never left his side. The VHS tape showed him creating a glowing rainbow fog around himself. Rich and poor would travel from all over the world to be healed by this "holy man". But the American Medical Association had prevented him from practicing his occult healing here in Central Ohio. They labeled him as a quack! Bad for their business model I guess. But on three separate occasions he preformed his craft live. Each time I saw him and Betty

work on about 50 very sick people in her Bexley Ohio home. How he was able to get into the states I can not say. They kept it on the down low. It must have been illegal. Also, I believe that Max preformed healing on **Roxanne Newman** (V3), **Betty Kubat** (Magnolia Thunderpussy) & **Chris Brown** (Tommy Jay's Girlfriend). But these people were not part of our inner circle and did not have access to the impossible events I had experienced. None of them had cancer or heart problems. I told them all about how Max reached his hand reach into my heart and pull out a fatty blood clot from inside my heart. I saw this *"with my own eyes"*. Max, with Betty Rider assistance, enter into my chest. I could feel his arm inside me. But Jim, Mike and Tom just laughed it off. "Lay off the mushroones squid"! They thought I was a nutcase and Rep's branding did nothing to assuage my image.

Also at the psychic fairs there were astrologers, tarot cards readers, crystal/incense/oils/jewelry sellers, acupuncture, acupressure, past life/aura readers, herbalists, and local new age book stores. This was before the new age community move the psychics fairs to Veteran's near city hall. They also had a nice selection of Indian and Far East costume dress. Other psychics who were coworkers of Betty's were **Joann** a surgery nurse; some woman named **Vera**, and **Leona Johnson** who had use her gift for picking "wining lotto numbers". Leona had used her "lotto gift" to raise her two boys into adulthood. They were poor and from the lower East-side of Columbus. But old Leona was about 95% accurate on the lotto and the other gang of psychics benefited from her picks too. At the time I took a lot of critical comments from Jim, Jay and Rep about my occult experiences with Betty. But Ron House never question or criticized me about my occult studies. Betty Rider was a Roman Catholic who had mastered **Allan Kardec** (Léon-Hipollyte Denizard Rivail) books on Spiritualism. These were 1st published in France 1857. (*also see the work of Franz Anton Mesmer, Count Saint Germain, Louis Claude De Saint-Martin, for deeper occult background*) Betty also had been trained in the theosophical texts of **H.P. Blavatsky**, **Alice Bailly**, and many, many others. She gave me total access to her massive occult library. But there were a few books that were kept from me. These text were extremely hard to find or understand. Almost all the advanced texts were above my pay grade.

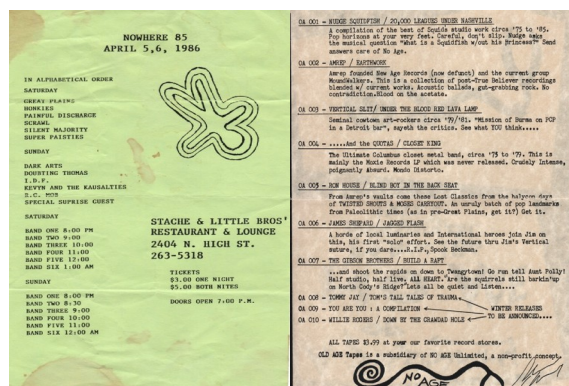


Betty had set up *"The Trinity New Age Church Of Light"* in her Bexley Ohio home. And every week from **1986 till 1993** I would drive out to her house 2 or 3 times a week to form a circle with these women. Betty was about 68 years old when I first began my study with her. I was 34. She worked part-time at a occult book store distributor owned by **Carl Japikse** and **Robert R. Leichtman M.D.** They had just published the book **"Active Meditation"** and during these years I was trained in its' techniques. The course work included: occult history, the occult power and properties of sound and light, occult cycles of time, magnetic healing, numbers and symbols, psychic readings,

both eastern and western astrology, the used of stones, water and talismans in low level magic systems. This was all part of my early training.

Moreover, every few months the girls would drive up to Michigan and form a circle with other psychics. Betty had this ***"astral shell"*** whom she called **"Silver Star"** who had been a native American in a previous reincarnation before its' death. During these seances a bowl would be placed on a candle lite table and a pen and paper would be placed inside. Then Silver Star would write a message to each of those who were sitting round the ritual table. Afterwards, Betty would show me some of the messages she had received. I wasn't allowed to attend the Michigan seances but the Silver Star messages about coming events blew me away. I was being trained in ***"one on one contact"*** with my own soul. This took about 30 years of constant daily mediation to achieve. Luckily, I succeeded.

That winter Jim Shepard was unemployed. They had a new baby and little income. He had been working as a construction day laborer and his family was suffering because of it. I would give him money from time to time to help out with food. One day we were doing a table top recording session and I said I'd buy us some beer and food. So Jim and I drove to the local grocery store. I grabbed a few items and Jim said he would meet me at the car. I didn't think anything about it. But when I got to the car Jim showed me 4 or 5 top grade steaks he had stolen to feed his family. I was shocked. Jim had no problem doing what he had to do in order to feed his family. What ever it took to survive he did at that point. I felt so sad about this that I gave him \$20 bucks. Looking back at our capitalistic system I can see the great psychological harm that was inflicted on the poor and downtrodden for the sake of corporation profits. I wanted no part of this. But little did I know that I would spend the rest of my life ducking their economic traps. For the time being I was safe with my government printing gig.



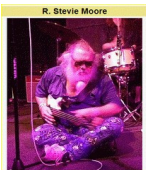
Jim and I began to resent the big time artist with no talent who were living the life style of the rich an famous. They just simply passed out the opium for the masses and called it music. At that point **V3** was shunned by all the local bars and it was very rare for us to score a gig. But things were about to change in a big way. In **April of 1986** Mike Rock put on a weekend show for Nowhere 1985. **Kevyn and the Kausalities** were on the bill and I was also ask to record both Saturday and Sundays

shows. **Kurt Tuckerman** was doing the sound so I did a stereo out from the board along with two hanging mics to catch the crowd. Each band did about a 25 minuet set and at the end of the project somebody took the masters from me. I was using a Teac 144 at the time and the masters were on 4 track cassette. The highlight of the shows was when **Bob Kat of Dark Arts** brought out a lawnmower and began making really crazy sounds with it. Others were making an impact too. **Mike Rep** was also busy building up his **No Age Cassette label**. He began to express his tastes by way of his catalog. Jim, Ron, Me and later on

Tommy Jay all got on Mike Rep *"Lovingly Fucked With"* bandwagon. Most of the catalog is out of print but there are some real gems in there if you can find them.

By late **April of 1986** Rudy and I were coming to an end working with the Kausalties. We still had a few shows booked at the **I.P. Lounge** and **D. J. Prophet's**. But Jim and Roxanne really began to put the pressure on us to leave Kevyn for **V3** full time. It was at the D. J. Prophet gig that two things happen. I had told my old friend Stik Hoffman to come to the show and hear my new punk band. As I made my way towards the stage he was at the bar drinking. This is when Stik met this girl named Susan. It was love at first sight and they got married a few months later. The short north bar had booked the **Kausalties** to do 4 sets but something strange happen to my sound city amp. It just would not turn on. So I checked the fuse and cables but nothing happen. Kevyn and Rudy were getting nervous. Then three girls got up from their table and walked pass the stage then headed out the door. Suddenly my amp power came on like nothing was wrong. The last girl as she headed out the door made eye contact with me. She was my future ET mate.

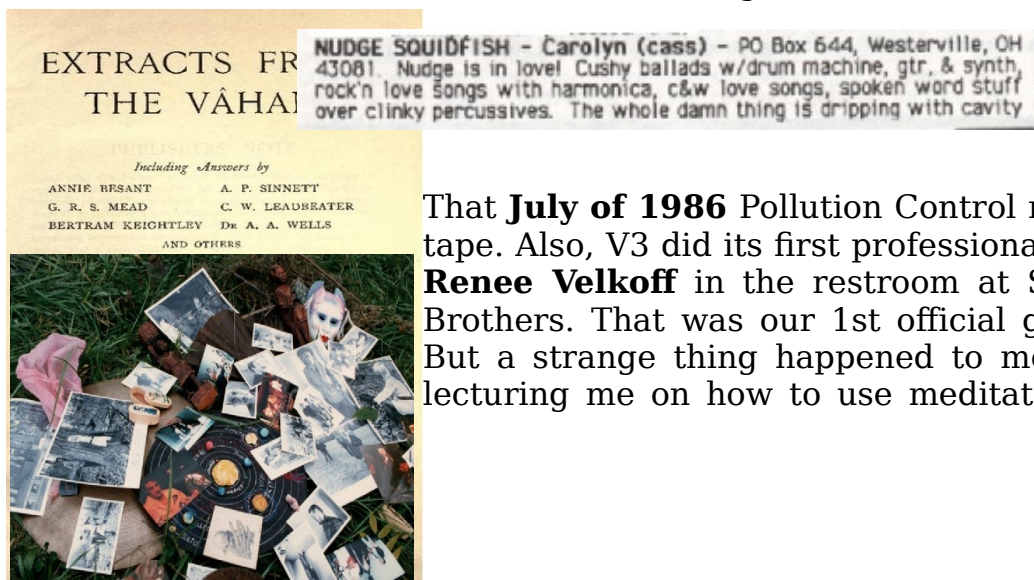
Shanna smiled at me like we were going to be lovers. I wanted to chase after her but the band had to start playing. So she got away. I didn't know it at the time but many years later my ET wife **Shanna** reminded me of this event. She had taken a solid human form for a few weeks and was preforming some science work temporally at OSU. She had met these other two "human girls" on campus and they all agreed to go bar hoping together. It was the first time my woman from Mars/Venus had did anything like that. Shanna had only known them a few days. Every one at **D. J. Prophet's** thought Shanna was from earth. I am not sure what kind of work she was doing with OSU but I know it was important. After about a week she re-boarded her UFO and was gone. Shanna is not the only family member to help out the Central Ohio scientific community. **Rom** also took on a solid physical body to give a lecture at Battelle Memorial Institute (more widely known as simply Battelle). Battelle is a private nonprofit applied science and technology development company headquartered in Columbus, Ohio. Rom told me he was invited to give a lecture on **"free energy"** to human researchers in the mid-2010s. Looking back I find it all very amazing.



Then the day came when Jim and Roxanne demanded we leave the **Kausalties**. So I told Kevyn we just couldn't do it anymore. Kevyn was a little hurt but took it as a gentleman and wished us luck. That **May of 1986** saw me networking with **R. Stevie Moore** an American multi-instrumentalist, singer, and songwriter. He had a song call **"Steve"** which I covered. On the other hand, Betty Rider was focused on teaching me some very serious Theosophical notions; *numbers, astrology, both western and vedic, 18 million years of secret human history, alchemy, occult properties of light and sound, meta-physics, meditation, remote viewing, psychic or magnetic healing, the kybalion, all 5 of H.P. Blavatsky's major books. Also works by Manly Palmer Hall, Alice Ann Bailey, Charles Webster Leadbeater, Alan Leo.* My reading list included over a 150 Theosophical writers scattered down through 18 million

years of human history. All 4 root races were covered: The first root race (Polarian), the second root race (Hyperborean), the third root race (Lemurian), the fourth root race (Atlantean), and our fifth root race (Aryan). All of these root races had been involved with other ET races from outside our solar system. It was an amazing story. I spent over 35 years, 2 hours a day in study. Sometimes the masters of wisdom would “drop” extremely hard to find texts into my hungry hands. **Vera, Betty, Joanne** and **Leona** spent long hours explaining to me the secrets of nature. I was shown how to develop my psychic skills in a “safe” manner. Without their guidance I would have gone insane. They knew I took drugs but before each session they would do a healing to sweep away the negative energy from my body. Playing with **V3** exposed me to a lot of drug use. I would always feel guilty before I did a “circle” with Betty. She was a powerful psychic and knew all the shit I was trying to hide from her. She merely overlooked it and got on with my training. Years later this basic education in the occult opened the door for my acceptance as a UFO contactee. It was only after my involvement with the ETs that my telepathic power flowered.

That **June of 1986** Jimbo called to tell me that **Nick Cave** was playing the Alrosa Villa bar. So Jim and I headed down to the show. Later Nick Cave kicked us out of the dressing room because the band wanted to shoot junk. This kind of ticked Jim off. Then Nick Cave figured out that shooting up on the bus was a more secure situation. He would not have to deal with the likes of fans. They just lock the doors and nodded out. It was clear to both Jim and I that they were junkies. But it didn't seem to effect the quality of the music on stage. Jim and I never went the way of junk or coke. Arlus Stitch and Nick Cave had been a red flag. But Cave ended up moving away from it and continued to have a successful career later on. I suppose that actors and musicians are subject to fame's very powerful negative influence. In fact, I believed Jim's use of automatic writing led to his ultimate suicide. The mass consciousness of the public; and one's own sub-consciousness, generate waves of negative magnetism. These must be neutralized if the artist is to have a healthy psychological outlook. A teacher is required to learn the ropes. Then Jim and I hit upon the notion of recording V3's music in my home. At that point we viewed V3 as a vacation from our stressful lives. It was a effective form of mental health for us. And for a while it worked. V3 moved into my 30 West Duncan Ave apartment and we began to write songs as a group. But once again the winds of change were stirring with new bands like **The Evolution Control Committee** bursting onto the Cow-town scene.



That **July of 1986** Pollution Control reviewed my Carolyn tape. Also, V3 did its first professional photo shoot with **Renee Velkoff** in the restroom at Staches and Little Brothers. That was our 1st official gig as a full band. But a strange thing happened to me. Betty had been lecturing me on how to use meditation to contact the

astral shells of people who had died. During one of our circles a former native American Indian began to give me glimpse into my pass. His name was "Longfeather" and I had been his wife. During our readings most of the future events came truth, but not all. And a lot of my early childhood events, which I had totally forgotten, were reminded to me. I was learning about my soul's journey and most of it I was able confirm. Yet, in the back of my mind I rejected the notion of Longfeather as being real. *(for background information see theosophical 7 principles in man)* So I decided that I would challenge this "spook" to prove to me that it was not all bullshit I was hearing. I went to a small secluded woods that had a stream running near by and began to meditate. After about 30 minutes of hard concentration I was able to make contact on my own without Betty's help. I then asked Longfeather to prove to me that he was real. Suddenly a wind kick up out of nowhere. I open my eyes and saw a pure black flint arrowhead resting on a stone rock before me. Holy Shit! It wasn't there when I started? Maybe someone sneaked up and put it there? This shocked the shit out of me! It wasn't there when I started. Years latter I gave the stone to my son. I was told that because the stone had been materialized from etheric matter down to solid physical matter it would Dematerialize at some point. As of this writing I believe my son still has the stone. When I told V3 what had happen Rudy and Jim laughed but Roxanne, who was also studying the occult with me, took it very seriously. Roxanne had witness Betty's powers first hand. Years later Roxanne had cast a spell on one of Jim lovers. She had been remote viewing Jim in a recliner chair and psychically set the chair on fire while Jim was sitting it. Roxann hated the woman Jim had hooked up with. This scared the living shit out of Jim! They both examined the chair and could find no reason why it would catch on fire. Per my advice Jim quickly broke up with the women. He was no fool. Shepard even wrote a song about it called **"Hex That Girl"**. In certain areas Roxanne was more advanced than me. But each time either one of us used the dark arts we paid a terrible cost for our selfish wants. In fact, the song **"Unbroken Silence"** off our **Psychic Dance Hall** cassette had foresaw the bad relationships between the surviving members after Jim death. Roxanne use to drive Jim nuts with her tarot card readings. Jim would mock her but was very afraid of her occult studies. Eventually, Roxanne drop out of Betty's circle. Betty always warned us about the use of the dark arts. But Roxanne disagreed. She was not above using it to get what she wanted. I even used a "tree love spell", many years later, to force a women who I was in love with to want to be with me. My stupidity cost me tremendously. Once you released those forces there is hell to pay. Watch out what you wish for, you just might get it.



Then V3 got its' first break in opening up for **Crime and the City Solution** at the Newport Music Hall that August. Up to that point we were not offered any shows. Unfortunately, only about 30 people caught our show. But word of mouth opened up a lot of others gigs afterwards. From then on we did maybe 1 or 2 shows a month and our fan base grew. Also, Jim released a CD called **"Vertical Slit and Beyond"** which focused on **Vertical Slit** and **V3**. Mike Rep was also busy. He put out his **"Earthwork"** cassette which focused on his

[illegible]

NUDGE SQUIDFISH - Squid Songs (lp) - PO Box 44, Westerville, OH 43081. One side's mostly country flavored love lost-&-found tunes seasoned w/lust. Strummed acoustic gtrs, muffled drms, & Nudge's wailing/whining/snorting/crooning vocals. Other side wanders away from country into more eerie psychedelic realms & some electronic noodling. Lyrics range from absurdist fantasy to stuff as real as "Buffalo Shit".

THE OFFENSE

NEWSLETTER

THE SIXTY-EIGHTH

August 1, 1986

LOOKIE HERE!

fri 1 Blatant Dissent at the Jockey Club
mon 4 The Cramps + Blue In Heaven
at the Newport
Volcano Suns at Stache's (show
starts after The Cramps' set)
tue 5 Painful Discharge, Scrawl,
+ Walking Amphetamines at Stache's
fri 8 Half Japanese at Stache's
wed 13 Beefeater + RKO at Stache's
thu 14 U-Men + Big Lie at Stache's
sat 16 Crime and the City Solution
at Stache's

Local cassette spotlight this time falls on some relatively seasoned veterans of the Columbus circuit. Amrep Telegewé has gone from founding the True Believers to playing bass for Great Plains (who hasn't?) to co-producing their Naked at the Buy, Sell, and Trade LP to now putting out his own Earthwork C46. Acoustically and electrically including songs that both he and Lou Reed, Velvet Underground, Roky K. Erikson, and Ron House have written, it also features the legendary Jennifer Eling on one cut. Nudge Squidfish, another Believer alumni, of course released Twenty Thousand Leagues Under Nashville last year to much critical acclaim and a #5 placing in our reader poll's cassette category, and now its Carolyn follow-up is out, eleven Squid Songs that continue the confusion and leave you wondering if he and this Carol chick will ever get it together. And the Vertical Slit Revival is now well underway with Under the Blood Red Lava Lamp, a half-dozen or so examples of their special brand of intensity. Offense Book readers will remember this as the band that provided the flexi that came with #8, and it's as good hearing the group tonight as it was then. It's Jim Shepard's band and he's at 1234 Forsythe Rd., Columbus, Ohio 43201; Nudge watches the sun set from his home at P.O. Box 644, Westerville, Ohio 43081; and send any Amrep mail to me and I'll see that he gets it.

By the end of **December 1986** Jim and Roxanne had moved from 1234 Forsythe Rd to a apartment on Fairway Drive near the Ohio School For The Deaf. Since September we had been focused on recording and doing live shows on campus.

When Jim got hired as a vending machine route driver at G.O. Coin where Mike Rep was now working in the south end of Columbus, everything changed. Jim loved the job. His work took him to bars all over the city. Rep would program the jukebox machines and Jim collected the money and serviced the pool tables. The bar owners loved Jim. They gave him free drinks while he worked. Plus, for the next 7 years Jim and Roxanne had a stable income. Their family life include 3 or 4 V3 rehearsals a week. They started to do more night clubbing on campus. But it wasn't until June of 1987 that the band moved from my 30 West Duncan flat to their Fairway Drive basement. That is when the shit hit the fan for me and I had to move back in with my mother on 4th Avenue. All I say is the fucking you get ain't like the fucking you take. A-fuckin-men Bubba!

Amrep Tellegewe - Earthwork. Amrep's basically one-time Great Plains bassist Michael Hummell, with a few pals thrown in for good measure. This 46-min. cassette is reminiscent of the early 70s folk stuff that a good many of the baby-boom grew up on. Lots of sensitive tunes that usually feature acoustic guitar. Well, to be perfectly honest, I like Mike fine, but this tape seems likely to be an acquired taste. Available from Old Age, 3848 Broadway, Grove City, Ohio 43123.

you think I make snotty wisecracks-Ed.)
New address time with the ever-present Nudge Squidfish, and it's P.O. Box 644, Westerville, Ohio 43218. His fourth cassette release over the past couple years is entitled 2000 A.D., which may be when he was planning on releasing it until all this superpower tension made him get it out while the getting was good. Not that the Nudge gets too heavily into politics or anything, but with titles like "Terrorism As A Political Act", "Twisted in the USA", "The Whole of Creation Is Suffering -- Groaning For A Better Order of Existence", and "The



JIM SHEPARD

Sovereignty of Light Will Reconcile the Stumbling Disobedient Freedoms", well, what do you think? Sure, he's still his fairly commercial old self musically speaking (much closer to today's frequencies than those weirdos Shepard

and House anyways), but sheesh, talk about turning over a new leaf. And at times he even sounds like one of them there Born Again loonies on top of that! "God Made Adam and Eve Not Adam and Steve"? Fantastic! All fucking Christian Rock should sound this goddamn good.

And hey, what about that Ron House? Not content with the universal recognition that Great Plains fame has brought to him, he's gotten together his own Old Age release, Blind Boy In The Back Seat, a 15-song personal history lesson complete with a supporting cast that includes Twisted Shouts, Moses Carryout, and assorted dabbings uh, informal in nature with Tommy Jay, Kim Workman, and Mike Rep, the guy whom I would guess has been the real workhorse behind the scenes and gotten these things slapped together and distributed. Of course both these Old Agers come with extensive liner notes which are necessary if one is to make any sense out of these things, so if you don't think I'm really communicating a lot here (and of course I'm not), don't sweat it. Just know that I had a lot of fun at some of these shows and you will, too. Life didn't just begin with the GPs for Ron; first he had to pay his dues. But did he have to make everyone else pay, too? (And you think I make snotty wisecracks-Ed.)

Yeah, records are nice, but just as many people are going Cassetteville around here. One's from Jim Shepard, who's been at it longer than just about anybody else in the joint, and the 17-part (or is it 117?) retrospective's called Jagged Flash. Jim's been involved in a whole slew of projects since 197whatever but this makes as good an attempt as can be made at organizing something, anything into cognizable form. It's all fairly innovative whether you're talking Vertical Slit, Phantom Limb, Skullbank, or his collaborations in person with Nudge Squidfish and in transmission with Eric Liberious in Sweden, but what really makes it a must for even you housewives out there are selected excerpts from Jim's 1982 interview with local AM personality Spook Beckman that appeared in an early Offense Newsletter. Spook's gone now, the last of the great radio men passing on a few months ago, but Jim keeps the memory alive and even just a few seconds of tape succeed in showing the great warmth that the man had. Jagged Flash is part of the burgeoning Old Age catalog, which can be received by writing to them at 3848 Broadway, Grove City, Ohio 43123.

